



# [Private] I still don't know how much longer I can keep doing this.



Chaz



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**MOOD:** 🤬 fucking emo and full of self-loathing. again.

**MUSIC:** just what it sounds like.

*I can feel it in my bones.*

*I'm going to spend my whole life alone.*

The wedding is going to be hard.

I mean, it could be worse. I could be getting on an airplane to go to the wedding Sol's going to this weekend--I guess I will be soon enough, at least its equivalent, because the writing is so on the wall with Tasha and Michael, and ~~what the hell does she see in him and what exactly does that imply is wrong with me?~~ dude, get over it, you practically **threw** her at him--but god, does anything suck more than being single at weddings?

I mean, I won't be the only one there stag. Though Hafs bringing two dates--a date and a date's date?--probably does something funny to the average.

...I feel really ugly tonight. In both senses of the word. Spiteful and envious and ashamed. And also unlovable. I get so tired of having to do everything by myself. And I feel guilty for even letting myself want anything else. I should know better. Wanting just makes it hurt in the end.

Come on, Chaz. Make the cake. Be happy for your friend. Leave your shitty drama in the car.

I feel bad for Duke. Mister Stiff Fucking Upper Lip over there. No, nobody can see you hurting, man.

Maybe we should split a condo or something. Then at least we'd both have somebody to watch TV with. Apes are not engineered

to spend this much time by ourselves.

Why does everything have to *hurt* so much? It's not fair.

At least I don't have to look forward to getting old alone.

You know what? Screw it. Things could be worse. I'm going to go ride the train until I believe it.

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[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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